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they do not justify by their indifference, the rough reproach, which some one has cast upon their ignorance; that the bulk of mankind have nothing to do with laws, but obey them.

The safety of a free people is in the principles, taste, and calm habits of thinking, which they acquire when the mind is sober, and looks widely and fairly. They can then learn the worth of their actual blessings, and will grow more and more fond of what is settled and venerable, by associating it with their long happiness. They will thus be less subject to sudden changes of sentiment or condition. There will be something like natural growth in their alterations and improvements. And if called into unexpected shocks or trials, they will not be shaken out of their old feelings and principles, but will apply them as guides and restraints. And when the calm and level have come again, they will not sink into lethargy for want of excitement, but will return to their former state, with new wisdom and stronger attachments than ever. In such a nation, you will see every thing brisk, healthy, and conscious. A man moves there with an assurance of his dignity, with no sluggishness nor wantonness in his freedom, and looking upon his duties as upon his happiness.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The following song has come into my hands, as a translation by a celebrated English bard, from the German of Goethe. I vouch for nothing, except that it has never been published, and place it at your disposal.

SONG.

“*Italiam quero patriam.*”

Know'st thou the land ? where stately Laurels bloom,
Where Orange groves exhale their rich perfume,
Soft breezes float along the lucid sky,

And all is peace, and joy, and harmony.
Know'st thou the land ?——

O, thither flee,
And dwell for ever there, my Friend, with me.

Know'st thou the hills ? whose towering heads of snow
Frown o'er the Fairy land that smiles below,
Now wrapt in clouds the gaze of mortals shun,
Now freeze and glisten in the summer sun.
Know'st thou those hills ?——

Be our retreat
The fertile Eden blooming at their feet.

Know'st thou the clime ? whose sons have souls of fire,
Which feel and prize the raptures of the Lyre ;
To which those finer sympathies belong,
That thrill and tremble at the voice of song.
Know'st thou the clime ?——

Come, thither flee,
That is the fittest home for you and me.

Though some lov'd names this dreary land endear,
Where Winter triumphs o'er the torpid year,
And shivering Summer hurries through the sky,
As if to tantalize the longing eye.
Quit the cold soil.——

No thought sublime
Was ever kindled in this icy clime.

Here hate and slander fan the coals of strife ;
Cast foul aspersions on the fairest life ;
Spy out each speck, that clouds a brother's fame,
Shout o'er his faults, and feast upon his shame.
Spurn the vile herd.——

Indignant fly
To some more courteous land and milder sky. B.

▲ REFLECTION.

I've seen the dark ship proudly braving,
With high sail set—and streamers waving,